

# LOCAL ITEMS.

**Meeting.**—A meeting of the officers of Pannock district was held on Tuesday last, and an effort made to lay over some matters which were not workable, until some time in March next, but the proposition failed, and under the law all claims must still be presented by at least one day's work in each case, or they are forfeitable.

A kind of a joke was practiced by the proprietors of this paper, as Geo. W. Redman, the gentlemanly commander of the Ship of the Desert, brought this office into these mountains. On the evening of its arrival in the city four pairs of blankets, two feather pillows, a chair, a table, a water bringing them a thousand articles, a California chopper, a Mexican poncho and a few other articles, partly belonging to Capt. Redman, and part to ourselves, were taken from the back of a mule in the upper end of town, during the Captain's temporary absence, and to this deponent's knowledge have not been heard of since. We publish this notice that the thief, who ever he may be, may when he finds out that they belong to a printer, bring them back, for surely there is no one mean enough to steal from a newspaper, and in the meantime we hope the stolen pistol may go off and break the thief's leg.

## Masonic Funeral.

The funeral of John H. Williams, who died in this city on the 17th inst., was largely attended, being conducted by the Masonic fraternity of which he was a member, with all the usual ceremonies of that time-honored institution. There were over one hundred persons in the procession, and took a part in paying a last and tribute to the memory of their deceased brother.

Tracy & Co.'s Express for files of papers in the last Express. They were sent by McKell & Co. on Saturday. These papers, like the Feds and Confeds, seem to be beating each other alternately. They were made extraordinary good time this time.

Pannock can out-wild the wild Indians. Nothing occurs in the streets of this city but characters, and when there is a character of that description, they are sure to be a help or hindrance to the police. On the 24th inst., of which there are a few more, never fail to create an excitement and gather crowds in the streets.

**Printing.**—We are set up to time with the printing of our paper, on account of vexatious delay in the non-arrival of press and material. We are under way at last, however, but still have a portion of our type and other material on the road which we expect here daily. When it arrives we will try to present a more respectable appearance, while in the meantime we ask we are doing pretty well considering the fact that we have had a lot of and manufactured all the little necessities of the office that are always indispensable to the business, and brought out the paper less than a month from the time we entered the Territory. If any body thinks it is feasible a cheap affair to bring a printing office to these mountains, and set it to running, let them "try it on" and they will be surprised to the contrary.

**Cats and Dogs.**—A wagon full of cats and chickens found its way into the "diggins" a month or so since, and found an excellent market. Cats brought \$1.50, and chickens \$5, each. Chickens have come down to \$36 per dozen, but cats maintain their rates with an upward tendency. So long as ground-squirrels and ground-mice are as plentiful as at present, cats will be in demand.

# Printers in Boise.

Wherever there is a being in human shape, the craft is represented. There is no emergency that an old 'tramping Jew' can not overcome. He can tolerate the good things of this life even to excess, and out-check the very genius of famine and pestilence—gold-mining included. He can turn a hand to any thing. In one place may be seen mental merits that have had at one time extensive 'circulation' and influence, now done up in a miner's garb, throwing tailings from the end of a sluice; brain-drops that have moistened, enriched and rendered productive many a parched and desert-field of ignorance, are now to be seen in the back part of a one-horse hash-house serving in the station of second class dish-washer. That last touch of brilliancy lets me out, and I will no further digress. The advent of the Boise News into this basin, seems to have resurrected all of the typos who have been buried since old Dr. Faust's league with the devil, and turned them loose, without any money, on the southern slope of the Salmon River Mts. These specimens of human clay, done up in old flour-sacks and gum-boots, are alive, however, to the necessity of their Winter's rations of sow-belly and beans, as they've been flocking around the News office, for the past week, thick as flies about a meat-market—gallinippers along the Snake—aye, or office-seekers in Idaho! The office has been so crowded at times, that the editor has not had room to stick the point of a pen, except in the key-hole; the pressman had to adjourn to the laundry and complete his impressions with a smoothing-iron; the typos hadn't room to crowd in a 'hair-space,' and the 'devil' says he'd as leave be in 'hell' without claws, or in other language, in Webfoot without spurs. I was amused to-day by the remark of an old hunk of a miner as he passed by: "What much-respected individual's being prepared for burial, in that house, that commands the serious attention of so many equally interested mourners?" The proprietors are accommodating gentlemen, but it is impossible to employ a printer for every letter of type in the office. I consider my chance anything but flattering, but I shall cling to hopes as long as one is perceptible, with the tenacity of a grayback to an old shirt-tail. I've been subsisting on the very tailings—a slum-gullion—of the mines, and have gone to bed to one gunny-buck and half a saw-pit, for the last three weeks, with only this consolation,—that, if the siege results in my becoming food for worms, the latter will fare no better than I have. This is not 'The last sigh of the Moor,' but an 'o'er true tale' of the fortunes of  
T. I. POE.

**Discoveries.**—The first intimation that gold existed in eastern Oregon, Washington, and what is now Idaho Territories, by a white man, is said to have come from Capt. Pierce, from whom Pierce City since took its name. As early as 1852, while on a trading expedition with the Nez Percés, he became satisfied that this was a gold bearing country, but the hostility of the Indians prevented him in various attempts to test the truth of his belief until as late as 1860, while, in the meantime, when the Captain resided in California, a Mr. Robbins, of Portland, purchased ten dollars worth of gold dust from a Spokane Indian, in 1854, which led to prospecting in that country, and in 1855, some Frenchmen and half-breeds from Oregon, struck the Colville mines. During this year the Indian war very nearly put a stop to prospecting until as late as '58, when Capt. Pierce again arrived in the country, and attempted to prospect the Nez Percés country, but found the Indians hostile and suspended operations, until 1860, when a party of some ninety men went into the Oro Fino district, and finding—as they anticipated—good diggings, they wintered there. In 1861 Oro Grande and South Clearwater were discovered, and late in the fall the rich Salmon river placers. During the year 1861 valuable deposits were developed on Powder, John Day's and Burnt Rivers, and in 1862 the greatest and most important mineral district of all was brought to light in the discovery of the Boise basin, containing the Newburg and Big Hole were found, east of the Boise mountains.

Capt. Pierce has promised us a corrected version of these discoveries, and in some future number we shall be able to give such a record of early prospecting in the country as will be worth preserving as part of the history of early times in Idaho.

**Another Paper.**—The prospect is that we will be supplied with newspapers for the next weeks in addition to this paper, as a campaign "Democrat," newspaper, for publication of an abstract, and on paper, so-called the "Idaho Democrat," is to be published. The "Idaho Democrat" will be published by the "Idaho Democrat" company.

**FIRE.**—Too much caution cannot be exercised with regard to fire. Our city is built almost entirely of pine, and that of a very combustible character; and should fire break out in any portion, it would be an utter impossibility to check its progress in the direction the wind at the time might be blowing, until everything before it was laid in ashes. In the earlier days of California, a friend of ours, now a resident of Washington Territory, had accumulated quite a fortune, and placed it all in a store full of goods. There were two reigning belles in the city where he lived; every body acknowledged their superiority over all the rest of the ladies in town. Our friend had retired to his neatly fitted room, in his own building, up stairs, over his store, and was meditating and cogitating over things mercantile and matrimonial, and arguing with himself which of the two ladies he would marry on the following morning, for such was his wealth and standing in society that he knew he had but to ask either, and she would answer "yes," when the cry of fire reached his ears, and before he had time to dress himself, his store was in flames, and in half an hour he was not worth a dollar. The moral of this affecting story is that by some one's carelessness, our friend was ruined, and still wanders about, a poor, lone, bachelor when, but for the fire, in all human probability, he would have been a married man and settled down quietly and happily in some sequestered spot, on the Stockton Slough. The greatest danger from fire is from little shanties, for which the owners care but little, and are consequently careless. The man that builds a costly house is apt to fix his stovepipes securely, and look out that it does not take fire from within; but a small and worthless tenement will set fire to the whole city as easily as a large one, and should be looked after with as much care. Some law or rule should be adopted to prevent carelessness with regard to fire, and especially in the length and manner of putting up stove-pipes.

**IDAHO DEMOCRAT.**—A weekly campaign paper, to be called the "Idaho Democrat," is about to be started in this city by D. C. Ireland. It will be entirely devoted to the furtherance of Democratic principles and the election of a Democrat as Delegate to Congress, at the coming election. The paper will be half the size of the News and published six weeks. Mr. Ireland is a good printer, and we wish he could make a pile out of the enterprise. See prospectus in another column.

**APOLOGETIC.**—If letters up side down and out of place, besides a thousand other typographical bulls are found in this issue, the reader will please remember that the office has been hauled three hundred miles over rocks, mountains, stumps and all manner of bad roads, and that in the hurry to publish in time, we have had but little time to read proof and correct mistakes.

**LOCAL.**—The mines in the immediate vicinity of our office—we infer from the industry with which they are worked day and night—are paying well. We were invited to witness the "cleaning up" of Walters, Houston and others on Saturday evening, but neglected to attend. We are assured, however, that the result was eminently "satisfactory."

## A Card.

To THE PEOPLE: Since announcing myself a candidate for the Delegateship to Congress, by Circular, under date of August 8th, a County Convention has expressed a preference for Gov. WALLACE.

To avoid danger to the Union cause by a multiplicity of Union candidates, I withdraw my name, and hope all Union men will give the Pannock nominee a cordial and hearty support.

GILMORE HAYS.

Centreville, Sept. 17th, 1863. [init]

**CORRECTED WEEKLY, BY HIGBY & CO.,**  
Dealers in General Merchandise, Groceries and Provisions, Cor. Main and Wall Sts.

## Prices Current.

N. B. The prices stated are, for produce, the buying prices; for groceries and general merchandise, the selling prices.

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|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Flour, 24 lb. \$13@14 | Butter, 2 lb. 20@21 |
| Onions, 2 lb. 40      | Potato              |
| Chickens, 2 doz 36 00 | Apple               |
| Eggs, 2 doz 2 00      | Peach               |